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SONGS

FOR

LABOUR AND LEISURE

SONGS
FOR LABOUR AND LEISURE.

LONDON :

HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, MUSIC AND GENERAL PRINTERS,
3 & 5, MARYLEBONE LANE, W.

SONGS

For Labour and Leisure.

BY

CLARA THWAITES.

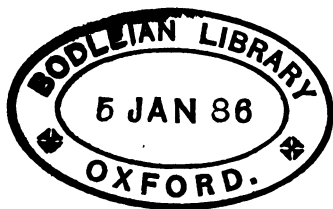


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C. T.

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SONGS FOR LABOUR AND LEISURE.

“ANGELS UNAWARES.”

HEB. xiii. 2.

THEY come to us in simple guise,
In common garb. In sooth
They are not lovely in our eyes,
Though fair in love and truth.
We greet them coldly ; after years
We call them “Angels Unawares.”

There is no halo round their brow,
As pictured saint may bear ;
Nay, rather, sorrow marks them now
With stain of grief or tear.
And smiling satire scarcely spares
These mournful “Angels Unawares.”

They have no eloquence of speech
For us, with fluent flow ;
And yet their lovely lives might reach
The heights which angels know.
We scarcely note the beauty theirs,
Till lost—these “Angels Unawares.”

Or some we scorn ! How strange it is
That looks should vex us thus !
That we should spurn, because we miss
Some manner dear to us !
When Memory sings her tender airs
She calls them " Angels Unawares."

We deem 'twere easier far of old
Some sandalled saint to greet,
On tented plain, when skies were gold,
And orient airs were sweet.
Saints meet us now 'mid thronging cares,
Pass on—are " Angels Unawares."

Sweet songs they sing, brave words they say,
Unheeded though they be,
Until, the singer caught away,
We learn their mystery :
Then, singing up the golden stairs,
They beckon—" Angels Unawares."

O would we pause, with Christ-like grace,
To aid our fellow-men,
Be not too busy in life's race
To love as brethren :
Across life's waste would blow soft airs,
While angels walk, not " Unawares."



GIFTS.

“They presented unto Him gifts.”—MATT. ii. 11.

I.

THEY came from lands of orient light,
 By glorious hopes inspired :
 Their eyes had seen the Day-star bright,
 By nations long desired.

II.

What burning message from the skies
 Had swept across each soul ?
 What midnight call had turned their eyes
 To seek blest Israel's goal ?

III.

Had captive exiles, weeping sore,
 Zion's Redeemer sung,
 Till Zion's song for evermore
 Through alien lands had rung ?

IV.

Had merchandise, with better things
 Than frankincense for fame,
 Wafted among those Eastern kings
 The fragrance of a Name,—

V.

The Name Emmanuel? did they yearn
To know His sceptred rule,
And fain would sage or monarch learn
In favoured Israel's school?

VI.

Oh! songs of wonder rang of old
Across the waters blue,
When Egypt's billows backward rolled
To let the tribes pass through!

VII.

And echoes of triumphant psalms,
And prayers for Zion's King,
Still whispered, 'mid the desert palms,
From Israel, wandering.

VIII.

A poet sang in grandest strain.
Of Jacob's Morning Star—
Of One whose still increasing reign
Should bless the nations far.

IX.

And while the tented warriors lay
In Moab's plain below,
Prophetic lips, though tempted, may
Utter no word of woe.

X.

He blessed the happy tribes ! He saw
Where Judah couched to spring,—
The conq'ring Lion, He whose law
Subject the world should bring.

XI.

The Arnon sang a thunder psalm
Amid his dark ravines !
While answering torrents broke the calm
Amid the sombre pines.

XII.

And so the glad evangel crept,
As twilight into day ;
And so the glad evangel swept
The gloom of night away.

XIII.

And some it meets with meteor flash,
In midnight vigil given,
And some it greets with cymbal clash,
And herald songs from heaven !

XIV.

Let all who hear, obey ! and rise
To greet the coming King,—
With Eastern pilgrims timely wise
Their eager homage bring !

XV.

They journeyed on. Moons waxed and
waned,
Yet glowed faith's deathless fires :
Vast plains were crossed, or ere they
gained
The land of fond desires.

XVI.

And pilgrim raptures greet them now,
The rippling fords they throng.
O winding Jordan, greet them now
With cataract and song !

XVII.

Through dark ravine, where torrents leap,
Through gorge and keen cravasse,
The burdened camels climb the steep
Ascent of mountain pass.

XVIII.

The Holy Mount they view afar ;
The rocky fastness gleams ;—
And now the longing pilgrims are
In city of their dreams !

XIX.

One thought is theirs, one eager quest,
The King—O where is He ?
Tho' palace fair holds not such guest,
They yearn His face to see.

XX.

Ring out, prophetic song, and tell
Where Israel's sceptre lies !
And where the Prince of Peace may dwell,
Show, meteor in the skies !

XXI.

They come ! they come ! A little child,
With beck'ning hand, doth call ;
They bend before the undefiled,—
The Lord, the Lord of all !

XXII.

And gold and incense, treasures meet
For earth's divinest King,
They pour in worship at His feet,—
The Gentiles' offering.

XXIII.

They learn the Name of saving health,
By herald angels given :
The world-wide treasury of wealth
Outpour'd from bounteous heaven

XXIV.

On us ! For fellow-heirs are we
With Zion. Who can tell
Our mercies, treasures, glories free—
Riches unsearchable ?

XXV.

What bring *we* to our saving God,
With heart and hand uplift ?
O'er waste and wild the sages trod
For worship and for gift.

XXVI.

O laggard race to own the King !
Closed hands shall work us woe !
Fleet foot and open hand would bring
The Church a swift inflow.

XXVII.

Yea, they would come, from East, from
West,
Obedient to Love's call,—
Would fly, as doves to seek their rest
Ere midnight shadows fall.

XXVIII.

We lose by our withholding—choose
Fair lot apart from pain.
The life so saved, alas ! we lose,
And Rachel mourns her slain.

XXIX.

We yield our treasures to the world,
Our sons for earthly fame,
Although our banner brave unfurled
Bears Christ's victorious Name.

XXX.

Let Him take all! Fair childhood's dreams,
And manhood's forceful fires ;
And let Him turn youth's rapturous streams
To work His grand desires.

XXXI.

Let Him take all! Not yet we find
Wherewith to serve our Lord.
Let not a hoof be left behind,
According to His Word!

XXXII.

Return, calm age of simple need,
Wealth's fulness boldly cast
At our Christ's feet,—if true our creed,—
O Love's enthusiast !

XXXIII.

He will be no man's debtor ! Swift
He'll rain His gifts on thee ;
Transmute to gold thy honest gift
By Heaven's own Alchemy !

XXXIV.

O Church of Christ ! arise and prove
Thy unused wealth in Him ;
Closed hands have shown thy waning love
Thy faith and hope grown dim.

XXXV.

We see not yet what bright increase
May wait on homely gift ;
His miracles shall never cease
To bless with answer swift.

XXXVI.

We see not yet what undreamed powers
May spring from lowly faith ;
Let us believe *all things are ours*.
For so the Master saith.

XXXVII.

Still let the old heroic blood,
Which stirred in Eastern sage,
Impel to eager, earnest mood
This doubting, selfish age.

XXXVIII.

And doubt, for idle dreamers meet,
And scorn, of darkness born,
Shall end in worship at His feet,
Who is our Star of Morn.



MANIFOLD GRACE.

“The manifold (or many-coloured) grace of God.”

1 PET. iv. 10.

GIVE me the blue of sapphires,
The heavenly grace of love—
The tender medium linking earth
With fairer realms above.

Give me the grace of valour,
The flame of constant zeal ;
I'll take the glowing sardius
For symbol and for seal.

Give me the gold of heirship,
The grace of simple faith,
To claim with joy and wonder
Whate'er the promise saith.

Give me th' emerald's lustre,
And I will look alone
To One for ever changeless,
With rainbow round the throne.

Give me the hush and quiet,
The depths of evening blue ;
Therein the stars of promise
May shine serenely through.

Give me, amid the splendour
Of grace and gift enwrought,
The scarlet of Redemption
For love's adoring thought !

Give me the royal purple,
The glorious garb of kings,
The amethyst my token be
Of heaven's "prepared things."

O many-coloured grace of God,
Fulfil my soul's desire,
And prove Thy will to me-ward
By workmanship and fire !

Lay fair the colours for Thy praise,
Impart Thy grace Divine ;
Partakers of Thy nature,
Thy saints shall rise and shine !



THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF
GIDEON.—JUDGES vii. 20.

TWELVE thousand stand on Gilead,
Yea, twice twelve thousand say !
They flocked at silver trumpet's call,
All men of Israel they.
But faithful Gideon cried aloud,
" If craven heart there be,
Return, faint-hearted, to your tents,
Not yours the victory !"

Ten thousand stand on Gilead !
No craven hearts are these ;
But will they speed at duty's call,
Or love they slothful ease ?
In weariness, in watchings oft,
The soldier's lot must stand :
Can these ten thousand hardness bear,
And march at God's command ?

See ! Harod's sparkling waters
Flow flashing thro' the plain !
The Lord will try His warriors
Again and yet again.
Down to the margin of the stream
The thirsting soldiers press,
Their parched lips approach the stream,
The leaping torrent kiss.

Some yield to weariness and thirst,
And, kneeling on the sod,
Forget awhile the trumpet's call,
Their country and their God !
Some only bend in manly grace
With hand dipped in the ford,
And martial stand, the sword in hand,
To hearken Gideon's word.

" By these, by these," cried Gideon,
" The Lord shall Israel save ;
By proven men and chosen,
Three hundred warriors brave ;
Lest Israel's host should vaunt itself,
And dream that power and might,
Or prudence of the wise and skilled,
Had conquered in the fight."

Three hundred stand on Gilead,
Obedient men—but lo !
More than a hundred thousand
In Midian's tents below !
What weapons for the warfare ?
A Trumpet and a Light !
The shout of a king among them
Ringing thro' Midian's night !

O Lord, arise! Thy warriors choose,
As erst at Harod's well,
And prove them at the waters—
Thy faithful Israël !
Swift as the eagle may they bear
Love's embassy abroad !
Send out Thy sons of valour
To war, the wars of God !

They will not pause, those eager souls,
Where pleasure's waves glide by,
Nor, heedless of the Master's call,
In easeful languor lie.
They hear the call of nations,
The Master's high command,
And pure resolve and zeal inspire
The Missionary Band.

O flash the Torch of Truth athwart
The gloom of heathen night !
And cheer ye with a song of faith,
And trumpet sound of might !
The battle is not yours, but God's ;
Ring out the battle cry !
The sword of God and Gideon's sword
Shall bring the victory !



DORCAS.

ACTS ix. 36.

BEAUTIFUL toiler by the sea !
 Visions of love have come to thee,
 Tender handmaid of charity !

Ever she toils, and toiling sings,
 Never her soul to dull earth clings :
 Warm human hands 'neath soaring wings.

Tender in word as kind in deed,
 Every act a fruitful seed :
 The love of God her smiling creed.

Sorrow smiles where her footsteps fall ;
 Ever she echoes her Master's call :
 " Come unto Me," she says to all.

White by the Western Sea she lies !
 Close those tender pitying eyes ;
 Open they now on paradise.

Are earth's gentle ministries o'er ?
 Toileth our toiler never more ?
 Hands are folded, and wings must soar !

" Return," we cry. We need the twain—
 Warm human hands for human pain,
 And soaring wings. " Come back again !"

She lives ! she lives ! and toiling sings ;
 Warm human hands are 'neath her wings,
Devising tender, liberal things.

I'LL BE AN ARROW.

"He hath made my mouth like a sharp sword ; in the shadow of His hand hath He hid me, and made me a polished shaft ; in His quiver hath He hid me."—Is. xlix. 2.

I'LL be an arrow, swift and free !
 A polished shaft, Lord, aimed by Thee.
 Hid in Thy quiver, only Thine,
 And flashing from Thy hand divine.
 Oh ! not in terror be my glance,
 But arrow of deliverance !
 No poisoned dart that presseth sore,
 But soul-subduing evermore.
 Love-dipt, love-dipt, Thine arrow be,
 To heal each smitten enemy !
 Make me an arrow, swift and free,
 A polished shaft, Lord, aimed by Thee !

I'll be a sword ! a burnished sword !
 A piercing, sharp, dividing word !
 Hid in the shadow of Thy hand,
 Unsheathed and keen at Thy command.
 What sword may do for truth and right,
 What word may do in error's night,
 From lips, new-touched by living coal,—
 A spirit-sword to reach the soul,—
 That I. The enemy comes in
 With overwhelming floods of sin !
 Make *me* a sword, a burnished sword,
 A *piercing, sharp, dividing word* !

I'll be a voice ! What shall I cry ?
A "comfort ye " for misery ;
" Behold your God ! " to those who seek,
A healing word to hearts that break.
What shall I cry ? The fairest bloom
Is hastening, hastening, to the tomb !
And if He give me tuneful chords,
Ring out, sweet voice, melodious words !
Love's sweet evangel, bravely sing,
To herald in the coming King !
Or ere He draw avenging sword.
Prepare a people for the Lord !

We praise the warrior, not his sword,---
The singer, not his tuneful word.
We praise the bowman's steady aim,
Unerring skill, but do we name
The slender arrow's silver flight ?
God keeps His weapons out of sight.
So high our thoughts, so proud our mood
He cannot use us as He would.
Be hidden, arrow ! hidden, sword !
And ye, brave heralds of the Word,
Be ye content as voice to be
Triumphant in humility,
Let dauntless faith and vanquished will
Bring back the age of miracle !



BAPTIZED FOR THE DEAD.

A STANDARD-BEARER falls! O ready hearted,
 Bear up the colours for your gallant band!
 Though in the combat friend from friend be
 parted,
 No pause, for warrior leal. The sword in hand,
 The host must onward press with firmer tread;
 O who will be baptized for the dead?

A soldier falls! Another, yet another!
 Fill up the ranks with soldiers true and brave.
 The memory of every fallen brother
 Shall speed love's heralds o'er the ocean wave.
 We hear the call of nations from afar!
 Who will fill up the serried ranks of war?

A messenger of peace caught up to glory!
 Love's sweet evangel silent on his tongue;
 Who will arise to tell the deathless story?
 Labour is brief, eternity is long!
 On every herald be the Spirit shed!
 O who will be baptized for the dead?



“WHAT IS THY REQUEST?”

ESTHER v. 3.

No scimitar to slay, no sword avenging,
Flashes above the suppliant at the gate ;
A golden Sceptre Royal grace extendeth :
Fear not within the inner Court to wait.

O Bride espoused, put on thy fair apparel !
Draw nigh and touch the Sceptre of His grace.
What wilt thou ? Plead His ancient promises,
Make thy petition deep before His face.

And doth He promise *half* His Kingdom to
thee ?

Nay, better speech rings through those royal
halls :

“ My Father’s pleasure giveth you the Kingdom.”
“ All things are yours ! ”—thus, thus, His promise
falls.

Now plead, O suppliant, for those who perish,
Thy people and thy scattered tribes afar ;
Plead, in the fulness of the royal favour,
For those who yet in death and darkness are.

Yet—if *thou* hold thy peace,—their souls' deliverance

May come through other lips, through other cry,
God lacks not intercessors in His Kingdom,
Yet for this pleading has He brought thee nigh.

Ask for His messengers of light and gladness ;
Shall the dark messengers of death prevail ?
Let every people hear the royal message,
Let every mourner hear the wondrous tale !

Then went the messengers from palace portals,
Hastened and pressed on by the King's decree ;
Bearing all joy and honour, light and gladness,
From realm to realm, from rolling sea to sea !



“ENQUIRE, O ISRAEL, ENQUIRE.”

ENQUIRE, O Israel, enquire,
Of God to grant thy soul's desire,
And plead before Him, son and sire,
To bless His ancient Israel.

Then shall the cloudy day be o'er
Which wrapped our land from shore to shore,
We seek its hills, exiles no more,
The land, the land of Israel.

Now shall our weary wanderings cease,
The thoughts of God are thoughts of peace,
He multiplies the field's increase
To bless the land of Israel.

Thou, Lord, art evermore the same,
Thine ancient promises we claim,
Now for the glory of Thy name,
O bless Thy people Israel.



MOOSONEE.

A LONE, lone land !
 Circle the icy zone with pray'r,
 Pour out your gold for the heralds there !
 Care for them, plead for them ! Harvests yield,
 Send more labourers into the field,
 To that lone land !

A silent land !
 Send sweet speech of the Word of God
 Through snowy silence,—o'er bloomless sod !
 The Gospel story rings through our lands,
 Send its music to those still strands,
 That silent land !

An ice-bound land !
 The crystal walls of the icebergs grand
 Guard the way to that desolate land.
 Vainly would foam of the dashing waves
 Tarnish the sheen of those emerald caves.
 The ice-bound land !

A dark, dark land !
The Indian prays for the world's glad Light,
Hold it forth in the heathen night !
Heralds of light and gladness plead,
"Send us forth for the heathen's need
To that dark land !"

A lone, lone land !
They heed not peril, nor toil, nor shame,
They count not life to be dear to them !
Shall we our worldly good withhold ?
Shall we keep back our silver and gold
From that lone land ?



A NOBLE VENTURE.

THE colour-sergeant of a Highland regiment (engaged in action during the Crimean war) carried the colours far in advance of his regiment to a height occupied by the foe. "Bring back the colours!" was the call to him. His ringing answer was this: "Bring up your men to the colours!"

"BRING back the colours! all too bold the
venture,

While gallant spirits guard not the advance.

On yonder hill the foe will swift surround thee,—

Bring back the colours from the sword and
lance!"

This to the standard-bearer. He, with ringing
answer,

Flashes new courage into gallant souls.

"Bring up your soldiers to the flying colours!"

And on the tide of victory proudly rolls!

"Bring back the colours!" so we cry, distrustful,
While promises are ringing in advance:

*Are we sworn liegemen of the Cross of Jesus;
And can we give one faithless, backward glance?*

The Promise far outstrips faith's fleetest foot-
step,
Though fleet it be of foot as mountain roe,
And rings a clarion note to bid us follow
Where we may win the land from hostile foe.

Sin is usurper over Christ's dominion !
This fair earth is the Lord's, and we may wave
Our glorious banner over wild and prairie,
And alien tribes shall hear the tidings brave.

Could we but view our witnesses, our watchers—
The chariots and squadrons of the sky—
The angel host which speed to do us service,
Encompassing our path with succour nigh,—

But that were sight, not faith ! and oft weary
We dream we fight, and suffer all alone,
While angels hold their breath to see us con-
quer—
Our Master yearns to utter, "Bravely done !"

Ere long our brief, bright service will be over,
And hymns victorious around us roll !
What gracious guerdon shall reward the venture—
The noble venture—of a noble soul !



VICTORY.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—PHIL. iv. 13.

"Quit you like men, be strong."—I COR. xvi. 13.

**THE weak, the faint, the halting shall prevail,
Through trusting in that God who cannot fail ;
And they that know their God shall valiant be,
He leads his people on to victory !**

**All things can be to him who will believe,—
All might, all grace to him who will receive ;
And they that know their God shall valiant be,
He leads His people on to victory !**



AMONG THE LOOMS.

WE are weaving, weaving, weaving,
While the summer hours pass by.

The sunlight flashes through cottage doors,
And warp and woof on the cottage floors
Are interlaced by a viewless loom
Of golden gleam and shadowy gloom.

While to and fro
The children go
Through the village street, with a laugh or sigh ;
We are weaving, weaving, as days go by.

We are weaving, weaving, weaving,
While the Western breezes sigh.

Is it moan or triumph, or song or wail,
Those changeful tones of the autumn gale ?
'Tis the warp and woof of our fleeting days,
Their moan of sorrow, and song of praise !

The hours are told
In drops of gold
From the olden belfry, half mournfully.
We are weaving, weaving, as days go by.

We are weaving, weaving, weaving,
While the winter winds are high.

*Short is the day, and long is the night,
Every work will be tried in the light !*

True be our work, or reward we shall miss,
The light will declare of what sort it is.
 Though toil be long,
 Toil with a song !
We sing at our looms, while the shuttles fly,
We are weaving, weaving, as days go by.

We are weaving, weaving, weaving
A life that will never die !
 And is not the warp of price untold ?
 Is not the woof more precious than gold ?
My work will be tried in the flashing light
Of the radiant city that has no night.
 In one, the Just,
 Is all my trust !
A life that will colour Eternity
We are weaving, weaving, as days go by !

We are weaving, weaving, weaving,
And the years all swiftly fly.
 In a day and hour I know not yet,
 The whirring loom, its jar and its fret,
Will be hushed and still ! Each viewless cord
Cut off at the thrum, at the Master's word !
 O wondrous loom
 Of gleam and gloom !
Weave but the Master's own will for aye !
We are weaving, weaving, as days go by.

AMONG THE FURNACES.

Out of the crucible fires,
 Out of the scorching glow,
 Out of the rushing flames,
 Where fusing metals flow ;—
 Out of the horrible glare,
 Out of the melting fire,
 Cometh a crystal vase !
 Chalice for choice desire.

O workman, steady and brave,
 Flinch not thou for the flame !
 Into the "glory-hole," *
 Dip the rod for thy fame.
 And breathe and blow and turn,
 Measure and hand of skill
 Shall fashion the golden ball
 After the workman's will.

Out of the crucible fires,
 Out of the terrible pain,
 Out of the anguish sore,
 Troubled and tortured brain,
 Cometh a radiant soul,
 Fair to the workman's view,
 Glistening, bright and clear,
 Transmitting heaven's hue.

* The mouth of the furnace is called the "glory-hole."

O workman, tender and true !
Out of the furnace choose
A form that pleaseth thee,
Meet for the Master's use.
Stand by Thy furnace fires,
Breathe and fashion and mould,
From crucible and flame
It shall come forth as gold !

Hath it lost in the heat
Aught that was fair and good ?
Trust ye the workman's will !
He by the furnace stood :
Out of the chastening fires
Cometh a white-robed throng,
Every heart and lip
A chalice of holy song.



AMONG THE MINES.

“Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of
the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.”
—ISAIAH lxii. 3.

Up from the mine, up from the mine,
Bring the gold in a crown to shine !
Precious the vein, yet rough the ore,
Seaming the depths of the under floor.
Never hath eye of the vulture glared
Into those caves so dim, so weird ;
Never hath wild beast left its lair,
Tracking the path of the toiler there ;
Only the foot of the miner falls
Over the floor of those rugged halls.
Bind the floods in their overflow,
Peril and danger lurk below :
Up from the mine, up from the mine,
Bring the gold in a crown to shine !

Up from the mine, up from the mine,
Bring the gems in a crown to shine !
Untold lustre lurks in the gloom,
Undreamed splendour sleeps in the tomb ;
Place of sapphire and ruby, now
Yield your gems for a royal brow !

Jacinth, shine with pellucid ray,
Jasper, gleam, and chalcedony !
Emerald, lend it your rainbow sheen,
Beryl, lend it your tender green ;
Opal, blend with your changeful light,
Amethyst, topaz, and chrysolite ;
Up from the mine, up from the mine,
Bring the gems in a crown to shine !

Gold and jewel and precious gem
Bring for a Saviour's diadem !
Let not peril or toil affright,
Bring His jewels into the light !
Rough the crystal which holds in shrine
Flashes of light from secret mine ;
Lustre sleeps in unlovely stone,
Deal, O Lord, with Thine own, Thine own !
Only Thy hand can fitly smite
Topaz, beryl, and chrysolite ;
Only Thine hand can win, O Christ,
Glory from sapphire and amethyst ;
Touch Thy jewels and win renown,
Take to Thyself Thy glorious crown !



“AND THOU MAYEST ADD THERETO.”

I CHRON. xxii. 14.

YE chief among the fathers,
 Ye princes of the tribes,
 Brave captains of your thousands,
 And wise among your scribes,
 Who with a willing offering,
 With perfect heart will bring
 His treasure for the House of God—
 The Palace of the King?

There shall be gold of Ophir,
 And silver ore refined,
 And onyx stones and jasper,
 And glistening stones combined.
 Build ye the glorious Temple,
 Ye princes, rise and do !
 The people offer willingly,
 “And thou mayest add thereto !”

O hewers in the mountains—
 A four-score thousand ye—
 Your sturdy strokes are ringing ;
 Steadfast, courageous be !
 The rugged mass, the costly stones,
 Ye hew from quarries vast,
Shall rise in stateliest grandeur
In God's fair fane at last.

Ye burden-bearers lowly,
Ye patient rank and file,
Ye shall not lack the guerdon
Of royal glance and smile,
Nor faint in tribulation's hour,
With glory full in view :
The gain shall far outweigh the pain,
"And thou mayest add thereto !"

Sons of the Forge ! the iron,
In rich abundance brought,
Upon your ringing anvils
With courage must be wrought.
The planks must bear the strain of time
With nails and joinings true :
There's *Strength* in Zion's sanctuary,
"And thou mayest add thereto !"

No citadel unguarded,
No dream the builders raise,
Her walls shall be Salvation,
And all the gates be praise.
The links of iron rivetted
For Zion shall endure ;
With treasures of the lasting hills
God makes her gates secure.

Invisibly, yet surely, .
The radiant walls arise ;
And noiselessly the perfect parts
Are fitted for the skies.
Made ready, perfected, complete,
Fashioned by patient care,
Wrought for an end thus glorious,
They find their niches there.

This day, the roar, the clamour,
Through Lebanon may ring,
And flames may leap, and at the forge
The ponderous hammer swing,
The furnace and the crucible
Inglorious metals fuse,
And silver, seven times refined,
May shine for Temple use ;

But, ere another day may dawn,
The toil of earth may cease,
And He may reign whose right it is—
The Holy Prince of Peace.
Then shall He fill His Temple fair
With glory through and through.
O careless one, arise and seek
That “thou mayest add thereto !”



DWELLING IN BOOTHES.

"All that are Israelites born shall dwell in booths."—
LEV. xxiii. 42.

THE myrtle and the olive,
The pine tree and the palm,
Shall wave their branches o'er us
For sanctuary calm.
And where the sighing waters glide,
And rippling pass away,
We gather waving willows
Upon our festal day.

The azure of the heavens
Is softly o'er us spread,
And earth shall give her verdure
And beauty for our tread.
And we will make us bowers of shade,
With sunlight glinting through,
Nor lose the Father's sapphire
Of all-embracing blue.

It is a feast ! The trumpet,
With note of high command,
Hath spoken of atonement
To all the listening land ;
And now upon the ear there falls
A call to holy rest,
A people reconciled by blood
Draws nigh to keep the feast.

A child's rejoicing service,
No servile work, is ours ;
And love keeps not her riches,
But yields her goodliest powers.
And every task is glorified,
And every child is free,
The Spirit of the Lord inspires
The law of liberty.

No sound of toil or labour
Shall mar these hours of balm,
But peaceful be its dawning
In sweet Sabbatic calm.
An octave of rejoicing days,
For Israel safe and blest,
Begins with God's own Sabbath,
And ends in perfect rest.

O heritage of blessing
To rest betwixt the twain !
O joy of ever ceasing
From labour false and vain !
And while we tabernacle here
Beneath o'ershadowing Love,
We wait for that Sabbatic peace
Which yet remains above.

Now drop we earth's possessions,
 Like pilgrims tried and true,
 For more enduring substance
 Beyond the heaven's blue :
 For citizens of that fair land,
 Of new, immortal birth,
 Await the glorious things prepared,
 Await new heavens—new earth !

And no continuing city
 Have we that we desire,
 For all these things shall perish,—
 Are all reserved for fire.
 That flaming fire shall try our work ;
 O that our lives may be
 Tried by Thy pure refining fires
 Ere yet that day we see !

Our pilgrimage confessing,
 Our lips shall catch the speech
 Of Zion's holy city
 Ere yet her gates we reach.
 The glorious purposes of grace,
 To God's own Church made known,
 Shall be a theme of holy song
 In sweet and joyful tone.

Our bowers of verdure wither,
Our palms and olives fade !
And gentle winds sigh sadly
Through leaves of rustling shade.
Now may the glorious power of Him—
The changless and the same—
O'ershadow us and work in us
All glory to His name !

The river of His pleasures
Shall make His willows grow,
And all His water-courses
Their usefulness shall know.
His never-failing streams shall reach
The palm-tree's utmost root,
And give the fragrant olive
Her beauty and her fruit.

The glowing harvest ripens,
Nor bends its gold in vain,
Nor lacks its eager reapers
To gather in the grain.
But wider fields are ripe for toil,
The valleys yet must sing,—
Lord of the Harvest, hasten Thou
Thy last ingathering !

And call us to Thy presence,
And bid us keep the feast,
And tabernacle with us
And every joyful guest.
A white-robed throng their palms shall
wave,—
All kindred—nations—tongues,
And serve Thee day and night with praise
And everlasting songs.



OUR GALILEE.

“ He taught the people out of the ship.”

THRUST out the boat a little from the land !
 Drop anchor in the blue and rippling sea !
 The eager multitudes that press the strand
 Would hear the Master's voice in Galilee.

The swarthy fishers pause amid their toil,
 The idle canvas flaps upon the gale.
 Sit down, O Master, amid rope and coil,
 And tell the mariners Thy wondrous tale !

As erst they listened in the days of old,
 So hunger we for that sweet theme divine,
 And still 'mid Northern Seas the tale is told,
 We have our Galilee, and it is Thine !

Ours are wild tossings on the stormy main,
 When in our peril unto Thee we call,
And weary nights are ours when toil is vain—
O Friend of fishermen, Thou know'st it all !

And Thou hast whispered to us in the blast,
And Words of Thine have made the fisher
free ;
As stalwart as Thy followers in the past
Are Thy disciples on the Northern Sea.

Within the hollow of Thy tender hand
Our little fleet sails forth into the deep—
As safe as they who watch upon the strand,
For Thou wilt slumber not, Thou wilt not sleep !




LEAVES OF HEALING.

STAY the dark gondola of sin and sorrow,
 For Sabbath peace is brooding o'er the land!
 O toilers, cease, until toil's own to-morrow,
 O labour, pause at Heaven's divine command!

Untaught, uncared for, doth the boatman's
 daughter
 Brink the canal in toil or idle play,
 No leaves of healing by the turbid water
 She gathers haply on this holy day.

Vainly the meadow-sweet with waving cluster
 Fans her dark cheek with soft and scented
 plume,
 Vainly the hawthorn with its snowy lustre
 Scatters the fragrance of its early bloom.

Vainly the song-bird, thro' the ether flying,
 Warbles for her its own exultant lays,
 Upon her lips is set the note of sighing,
 She knows not God—she cannot sing His
praise.



Hasten to her with love's divinest story,
Gather the children by the water's side,
Tell them that God has formed them for His
glory,
Tell of the pity of the Crucified !

O ye, His witnesses, with leaves of healing,
Dare the dark depths of sorrow and of sin,
The world's own Light salvation is revealing,
And souls who venture are the souls who win !



FISHING-NETS.

LAUNCH out into the Deep—

The awful depths of a world's despair,
Hearts that are breaking and eyes that weep,

Sorrow and ruin and death are there.
And the Sea is wide, and the pitiless tide
Bears on its bosom away—away,
Beauty and youth, in relentless ruth,
To its dark abyss for aye—for aye.

But the Master's voice comes over the Sea,
“Let down your nets for a draught” for Me!
He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn
strand

And sweet and Royal is His command.

His pleading call
Is to each—to all !

And wherever the royal call is heard,
There hang the nets of the Royal Word !

Trust to the nets and not to your skill,
Trust to the Royal Master's Will !
Let down your nets each day, each hour,
For the word of a King is a word of power,
And the King's own voice comes over the
Sea,
“Let down your nets for a draught” for Me !

LIBERTY.

“As for the living bird, he shall take it, and the cedar wood, and the scarlet, and the hyssop, and shall dip them and the living bird in the blood of the bird that was killed over the running water : and he shall sprinkle upon him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy seven times, and shall pronounce him clean, and shall let the living bird loose into the open field.”—LEV. xiv. 6, 7.

MY soul on eagle's pinion
 Shall soar to life above,
 Sin shall not have dominion
 O'er those redeemed by love.

The moan of death, the sighing,
 Went up to God for me,
 The sorrow and the sighing
 From lone Gethsemane.

Henceforth I serve with singing !
 No bird so free as I !
 My ransomed soul is winging
 Through paths of liberty.

Whose step will be the fleetest
 To do His holy will ?
 Whose sacrifice completest
 To wait His bidding still ?

Whose voice will be most thrilling
To careless ones who roam ?
Whose loving touch, most willing
To lead the wanderer home ?

He who for healing tarries
Where blood our sin confest ;
He who for ever carries
That token on his breast ;—

Whose song hath for its story
The sweet refrain of heaven :
“To Him who loved us, glory !”
From blood-washed souls forgiven !



AN ANCIENT CREST.

"HE beareth fluttering wings on field of Ruby :"

This is a soul redeemed by precious blood ;
The herald, blazoning the ancient symbol,
Points to the saving and the cleansing blood.

A *Topaz* links the wings while upwards flying:

The city's splendour falls on souls who soar,
And One who maketh up His scattered jewels
Layeth the colours of His golden floor.

"He beareth fluttering wings on fields of Azure :"

This is a soul from mortal bonds set free,
Singing and soaring through the heaven of
heavens
Into the light of immortality.



CINQUE-FOIL.

“The *Cinque-foile* is a herbe wholesome for many good uses, and is of ancient bearing in *Escocheons*. The number of the leaves answer to the *five senses* in a man, and he that can conquer his affections and master his senses may worthily and with honour beare the *cinque-foile* as the sign of his five-fold victory.”—A DISPLAY OF HERALDRIE, 1632.

FIVE avenues to each man's soul,
And early there and late,
Suing an entrance, ever stand
Five traitors at the gate.

“Now lift thy visor, subtle foe!”
I cry to each anon,
As at the postern curiously
I scan them, one by one.

“I am the Pride of Life,” quoth one ;
“The lust of fair renown,
My joy the clash of man's applause,
My pain his scorn or frown.”

Another cries, “Of present things
The eager lord am I ;
Admit me, and thy life shall flow
In song and revelry.”

Then one in dulcet tones avows
Himself the lord of ease,
Of luxury and raiment soft,
And all that heart may please.

Two traitors crave admittance now
Of most ignoble mien,
And earthliness and low desire
Are dark'ning in their een.

They bear a goblet, sparkling, full,
For revels and for feasts.
Strange that the soul of lordly man
Should entertain such guests!

And thus they clamour at the gate
And castle of man's soul,—
These traitors five, who would disarm
His spirit's brave control.

But he who keeps the citadel,
Nor will the fortress yield,
May bear the cinque-foil's lowly leaf
Emblazoned on his shield.



SNARES.

A WEAVER sits at an airy loom,
And a wary weaver he !
He sets his frame in the garden gloom,
And his distaff who may see ?
He throws his shuttle with craft and care,
A thousand threads for a strand,
And toils are his, and a silken snare,
The finest web in the land !
He lurks unseen, while the winged and fleet
Are caught by his art and guile,—
Alas, and alas, in that garden sweet
For the victims of his wile !

A weaver sits at a darker loom,
And a cruel weaver he !
He sets his frame in a dark world's gloom,
And his distaff who may see ?
He throws his shuttle with craft and care,
And dark is his web of sin ;
Its warp and its woof a silken snare,
Entangling the souls within.
His bands are strong, for a thousand coils
Are wrought in a single strand,
And clasp the victims in mazy toils
For the clutch of his cruel hand.
Alas, alas for the souls that flit
Unwary into the gloom !
Alas, and alas, for the hidden net
And web of the Weaver's Loom !

HE "WALKED WITH GOD."

"Enoch walked with God : and he was not ; for God took him."—GEN. v. 24.

BRIEF record of an ancient life,
Its toils, its triumphs and its strife,
Its noble warfare with earth's sin,
The peace of God which ruled within !
The record of the path he trod
Is only this—he "walked with God."

And yet no recluse in his cell,
He did not bid the world farewell,
But human cares and human love
His brow would shade, his heart would move ;
While few around him understood
His holy calm—he "walked with God."

Through homely toil or merchandise
He held such commerce with the skies,
That dullest cares proved shining wings
On which he soared to nobler things ;
For what could chain to earthly sod
A joyful soul that "walked with God ?"

The praise or blame of fellow men
Stirred not his happy spirit, when
The whisper of his God approved
The purpose of His servant loved.
No sorrow seemed a chastening rod—
It was a kiss—he "walked with God."

And day by day, and hour by hour,
That Presence with transforming power
Renewed his mind, attuned his heart
To love's complete and perfect part.
Across time's boundary he trod
Unconsciously—he "walked with God."

The glory streams from those far skies
Which opened to his yearning eyes !
There is no death for us to die,—
'Tis lost in immortality !
Faith has no part in mortal strife,
Her heritage is endless life
In Him, Companion of the road,
Who beckons us to "walk with God."



A MARRIAGE FEAST.

“And both Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage.”—JOHN ii. 2.

WE called Him. Yea,
This bridal day,
We prayed Him come to greet us ;
To meet the void, and aching pain
Of those who thirst and thirst again,
Unless His pity meet us.

Now at this feast
May bridal guest
Taste vintage true of Heaven !
Up to the brim be filled with Him,
The rich red wine which grows not dim
By Heavenly Bridegroom given !

In flows the tide
From waters wide ;
We heed its swift inflowing,
And know that when its ebb shall be
The twain made one, upon life's sea,
Shall launch in sunshine glowing.

Time flies apace !
This hour of grace
Holds lessons, mystic—tender :
So tell us by the glittering sea
How Christ—the Christ of Galilee—
Revealed His hidden splendour.

Now ebbs the tide !
Then take thy bride,
O bridegroom ! So together
Ye mariners may sail away
To meet what calm or storm ye may,
Or fair or fickle weather.

Though on life's sea
We parted be,
We know that Love unchanging
Encircles earth for evermore,
And reaches to its utmost shore
With blessing widely ranging.



“NOT THERE WHEN JESUS CAME.”

“But Thomas was not with them when Jesus came.”

—JOHN xx. 24.

SOME household cares, perchance, had chained
our feet,

Or passing guest beguiled with converse sweet ;
A little langour fettered our desires
For heavenly dew and Pentecostal fires.
But afterwards, we owned—we owned with
shame—

Alas ! we were not there when Jesus came.

Yet, if a king gave audience for an hour,
And bid us wait on him for wealth or power,
How had we sped through dark, unlovely street,
To pour our supplication at his feet !
Our King gives audience—Jesus is His name—
Alas ! we were not there when Jesus came.

Maybe, desponding at our frequent fall,
We felt unworthy to obey His call ;
Yet He could give us eagle's wings for flight,
Or, better still, the grace to *walk* aright,
For yesterday—to-day—He is the same ;
Alas ! we were not there when Jesus came.

It might have rained, or winter winds were
rough ;

It was too hot, or was not warm enough !
And so we let the hour of dew pass by,
And so we let the precious moments fly,
Which might have nursed a holy, steadfast aim ;
Alas ! we were not there when Jesus came.

Yet there may be a faithful one who keeps
A mournful vigil where a sufferer sleeps.
Balm for the grief He'll give, and rest for toil,
So she who tarries shall divide the spoil.
Though all unpraised, and all unknown to fame,
She shall be satisfied, for "Jesus came."

Or tender babes may claim our patient care,
God's children these, *His* little lambs they are ;
A circle very close unto their Lord,
Their voices will not drown His whispered word.
All unrepining let us own His claim,
And say, We were at home—yet "Jesus came."

Let nought but duty keep us from His feet
Whose invitations are so free, so sweet.
Out-run the earnest, break through every press ;
He must not miss us when He comes to bless !
Else shall we own—and own with bitter shame—
Alas ! we were not there when Jesus came.

GREETINGS.

“Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus.
Likewise greet the church that is in their house.”

—ROM. xvi. 3, 5.

Now greet the maid and matron
Who laboured in the Lord,
And greet with holy greetings
The warriors of the Word.

Greet Prisca and Aquila,
My helpers true in Rome,
And those who sojourn with them—
The Church within the Home!

Thus rang the salutation
On apostolic tongue,
The treasured words of friendship
By households cherished long.

How would the Christians gather
To hear the letter read,
And child and slave together
Press near with eager tread!

Old Tiber proudly rolling
Baptized them unto loss,
And laved no braver heroes
Than heroes of the cross.

For now the heathen's menace,
And now the pagan sword,
Aroused to brave defiance
The warriors of the Word.

Heroic faith was nurtured
By that fair hearth in Rome,
And persecution moved not
The Church within the Home.

Ah, is it so among us?
Is faith with us as bold?
Alas, that faith should falter!
Alas, for love grown cold!

The faith of martyred fathers
We smile to see assailed,
And view with careless lenience
The errors they bewailed.

Heroic spirit of our sires,
Who mocked the flame and word,
Arouse our hearts to valour—
To valour for the Lord!

The rack, the fire, the dungeon,
Awaited those of old
Who owned the cross of Jesus
In true confession bold.

But worse than heathen menace,
And worse than pagan sword,
Is treachery's poisoned arrow
From scorners of the Word !

We needs must gird our armour
In this dark night of scorn,
And stand complete and ready
Until the glorious morn.

And whence should spring our heroes?
And whence should soldiers come?
O send them forth undaunted,
True Church within the Home !



WILL THE CHILDREN SAVE THE
LAND?

Dying lay the warrior Chieftain
All his mourning tribe among,
Sorrow dwelt within his bosom,
Sore lament upon his tongue.

Dusky warriors pressed around him,
Praised his deeds in warlike strains,
Praised his prowess on the prairie,
In the forest—on the plains.

“Why has sorrow seized thy bosom?
Why so gloomy is thy brow?
Thou hast served thy country truly;
Rest thee, warrior Chieftain, now!”

Spake the warrior Chieftain, dying:
“Mourns my soul for this alone—
Who will fight my country’s battles?
Who will guard her when I’m gone?”

Then the warriors of the nation
Hurried to their Chieftain’s side:
“We will fight our country’s battles,
We will guard her well,” they cried.

"Nay, as forest leaves in autumn
Scattered by the west wind lie,
So," the dying Chieftain murmured,
"So, alas—we die—we die!"

Now with steps impetuous, eager,
Came the forests' stalwart sons,
Ardour glowing in their bosoms,
Courage speaking in their tones.

"Young are we, the years hold for us
Deeds of valour, conquest brave;
Lo! we follow thee as Ocean
Pours her billows, wave on wave."

Still lamenting, spake the Chieftain:
"Swiftly roll the years away;
Ye will fail, I am failing;
Swiftly, surely, comes decay."

There are sounds of boyish laughter
And a stamp of hurrying feet;
Childhood presses round, and offers
Consolation strong and sweet.

And the children—ah, the children
Cry aloud with voices free,
"We will fight our country's battles,
We will follow after thee."

Then the Warrior, contented,
 Died amid the dusky band,
 For he saw the generations
 Rising up to save the land.

And we cry to England's children,
 As we watch them at their play,
 Will ye fill our vacant places
 Bravely when we pass away ?

Will ye yield yourselves unto Him ?
 Will ye truly serve the Lord ?
 Will ye reverence His Sabbaths ?
 Hear and keep and do His Word ?

Only truth can make you freemen,
 Only truth can keep you free ;
 Fearful is the foeman's bondage ;
 God's own freemen ever be !

Warriors of the faith and freedom
 Die around us day by day,
 Sons of valour take their places,
 Soon to perish e'en as they.

But the children—ah ! the children,
 Will they bravely take their stand
 For God's holy truth and freedom ?
 Will the children save the land ?

“OUR FATHER.”

“OUR FATHER.” What a tender speech
 For childish lips to frame !
 Unbidden thought might never reach
 That sweet, familiar name !

“Our Father.” May I, morn and eve,
 Come with my little prayer,
 When hope uplifts, or sorrows grieve,
 And leave *all* to Thy care ?

“Our Father.” Not my own, alone,—
 The world is wide, ah ! wide ;
 And round the world His arms are thro w n
 That’s why my Saviour died.

Forsaken babes, in haunts most drear,
 May find in Him their rest ;—
 May sigh “Our Father ” in His ear,
 And sob upon His breast.

From stormy Labrador they cry
 “Our Father ” ’mid the snows,
 And ’neath the glowing Indian sky
 Their soft petition flows.

So all-embracing is His love,
 He wants us *all* to come,
 And each, like Noah’s weary dove,
 Is welcomed, welcomed home !

THREE LITTLE WORDS.

THREE little words my baby knows,
And she is wondrous wise ;
She says her text with looks devout,
And very steadfast eyes.

Now what does little Cara know ?
She answers, " God is Love."
Ah, happy knowledge ! wisdom still
Her own reward will prove.

She knows no more. She holds earth's flowers
With calm and sure content ;
She breathes God's air, nor ever sighs
For that which is not sent.

One long, bright summer shed its gold
Upon her bonny head ;
And twice the winter snows have cast
Their crystals for her tread.

'There's very much for her to learn,
In earth beneath—above ;
But know she little, know she much,
She knows that " God is Love !"

A PORTRAIT.

HERE'S a face for you, sunny and true,
 Broad are the brows o'er the eyes of blue ;
 Sweet are the lips, and ready to smile,
 Oh, that all were as free from guile !

Here's a head for you, rippling with gold,
 A bonnier sight you'll not behold.
 And who can withhold a fond caress,
 A word or a look of tenderness ?

Here's a boy for an English home !
 A possible hero in days to come,
 Yet, in the matter of trick or play,
 A certain rogue in the blithe to-day.

Words are feeble to give aright
 A being of radiance, love, and light,
 A thing of laughter and hope and joy,
 A living and breathing English boy !



SOMEBODY LOVES ME.

HIS whims and wiles are past compare,
 There's not a thing he will not dare !
 Then sings, with eyes of saucy blue,
 "Somebody loves me, zu knows who !"

He climbs my couch with muddy boots,
 While dimpled hands are full of roots,
 And stones, and weeds, and primrose sweet,
 The gifts wherewith his love to mete.

The mud and weed upon the stair
 Will drive the housemaid to despair ;
 Perplexed, he views her grave annoy,
 Then vanishes—the breezy boy !

'Through hall and passage—he's a "train"—
 He rushes like a hurricane ;
 He carries all before him ! See !
 "Make way," he cries, "make way for me !"

He loves us in a stormy way,
 Rains kisses on us through the day ;
 He loves to have his own way too,
 "Somebody loves me, zu knows who !"

He is so happy when he's good !
So *sorry* for a naughty mood !
And prays to " Jesus, meek and mild,
Make me a good and happy child ! "

In spite of trick, in spite of whim,
My heart of hearts goes out to him,
The darling boy ! 'Tis true, 'tis true !
" Somebody loves me, zu knows who ! "



· UNDER AN APPLE TREE.

A CHILD, in a leafy garden,
Under an apple tree,
Lay in a rosy slumber ;
Oh, a bonny boy was he !

A bee, in search of honey,
Come for a royal sip
To a crumpled little rose-bud—
’Twas my Basil’s rosy lip !

A butterfly, idly flitting,
A velvet couch did seek,
He fancied he saw a rose-leaf—
’Twas my sleeping darling’s cheek !

A thrush, on the bough above him,
Catching the gleam of his hair,
Sang in a happy tumult,
In praise of a flower so fair !

The sunshine, glinting bravely
Through the branches, gnarled and old,
Played with his curly tresses
Till they shone like burnished gold.

But nought in the sultry noontide
His rosy slumber brake,
Till a sudden breeze surprised him,
And whispered to him, “ Awake ! ”

A HUSH IN THE FOREST.

ALWAYS a hush in the forest,
Whenever I'm passing through ;
May I not share your secrets,
O waving harebells blue ?

Why should the woodland creatures
Cease from their revels wild,
For one who loves them so dearly,
A little human child.

Under a tree in silence,
With folded hands I will lie ;
'There's not a flower in the forest
Will be so still as I !

I'll learn the wondrous secret
'That lurks in the arum's heart,
And I'll watch the lords and ladies
From their shining sheath upstart.

I'll watch the boughs above me
'Their leaves and their buds unfurl,
And the waving ferns beside me
'Their hairy fronds unfurl.

The music of the forest
Shall fall on my listening ear;
Its mystery and its beauty
Will haunt me many a year.

Under a tree in silence
With folded hands I will lie,
There's not a flower in the forest
Will be so still as I.



WE HAVE LOST THE BABY !

LOST the baby ! Where is she ?
Little Cara, scarcely three !
Nurse, you should better mind her,
Oh ! wherever shall we find her ?
Where can darling baby be ?

Seek her, children, everywhere,
Call her here, and call her there !
Think you she would tread, undaunted,
Through the shrubb'ry, spider-haunted,
Through the darkness would she dare ?

Hark ! I thought I heard her cry,
" Mother, mother, here am I !"
Nay, it was the water falling,
Nay, it was the wood-dove calling,
Or, maybe, the wind's low sigh.

Is she wandering in the lane,
Weaving me a daisy-chain ?
Oh, the trouble since we missed her !
Call her, brother, call her, sister,
Baby dear, come back again !

Where the bee a lily rocks,
All among the hollyhocks,
 Cara bids the broad leaves hide her !
 Shall we kiss or shall we chide her ?
All among the hollyhocks !

Ah ! that mischief has been fine,
How her eyes with laughter shine !
 Swiftly mother's arms enfold her !
 Nurse, hoist her on your shoulder :
 Borne in triumph home, behold her !
Laughing Cara, baby mine !



THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

WE hold a tournament to-day,
Like knights and dames of old,
And bid you hasten to our gay
Field of the cloth of Gold.

Llew and Arthur, speed away
To sport before our eyes ;
And baby Laura's dimpled hands
Shall give the victor's prize.

Our tent is brave ; white hawthorn sprays
O'ercanopy our rest,
And fragrant showers are wafted down,
Like snow-birds from their nest.

Blithe music have we ! Voices sweet,
And childhood's laughter free ;
And in the pauses birds accord
Their softer minstrelsy.

A gorgeous carpet at our feet
Is radiantly unrolled ;
Where buttercups and daisies show
Like blended pearls and gold.

Sweet Laura shall be Beauty's Queen,
And in her palm we set,
As guerdon for her bravest knight,
The purple violet.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

LIST to the tuneful chiming
 Of river and bird and bee !
 O hear the mocking echoes
 From the caverns by the sea !
 Laughter, sighing, and murmur
 In forest and sea and sky ;
 Listen to earth's sweet music
 In its changeful melody !
 Psaltery, harp, and cymbal,
 Hautboy, dulcimer, flute !
 All the forest is ringing,
 Nothing on earth is mute.

O soft winds, play the hautboy
 With gentle echoing call !
 I hear the cymbals clashing
 Under the waterfall.
 All through the murmurous greenwood
 There is a gentle stir,
 Every twig in the forest
 Playeth its dulcimer !
 Psaltery, harp, and cymbal,
 Hautboy, dulcimer, flute !
 All the forest is ringing,
 Nothing on earth is mute.

The castanets are ringing
In a swift and musical shower,
The merry birds are flying
Each to his leafy bower.
Only a moment's wonder,
The sun shines out again,
The castanets are ringing,—
The beautiful summer rain !
Psaltery, harp, and cymbal,
Hautboy, dulcimer, flute !
All the forest is ringing,
Nothing on earth is mute.

Many a bird is piping
His own delicious flute,
The ceaseless notes of the brooklet
Drop—like a twanging lute !
A viewless harper wanders
Amid the forest free,
The wind sings out his raptures,
And a merry minstrel he !
Psaltery, harp, and cymbal,
Hautboy, dulcimer, flute !
All the forest is ringing,
Nothing on earth is mute.

EMPTY HANDS.

My little child with empty hands,
Her tiny palms outspread,
Comes to the threshold of my stores
With eager, trusting tread.

No store has she of earthly good,
No treasures to enthrall,
But through the hours which make her day
She looks to me for all.

And be it fruit, or be it flower,
Or be it homelier need,
I joy to fill those empty palms
With gifts and daily bread,

Yet smile to see what scanty gifts
Those tiny hands can hold,—
So are we straitened in ourselves
When heaven is raining gold !

All things are ours, we may be rich
Through all our earthly days,
And crowd the threshold of His grace
With laughter and with praise.

Our empty hands may touch Thy store,
And bring but need to Thee :
Giver of all ! then grant, yea, grant
Thy gift of gifts to me !

THY WILL BE DONE.

AND have I said "Thy will be done"

 This morning in my prayer?

Then I must seek that will to do

 With patient heed and care.

Some days are full of joyousness,

 Like summer's sunny hours,

And then I sing "Thy will be done"

 Among my garden flowers.

But days of trouble, hours of gloom,

 Sometime my lot may be ;

Then let me bravely feel and say,

 "This is God's will for me !"

The angels hearken to His word,

 And speed to do His will ;

As wise and willing would I be,

 And wait His bidding still.

If angels sang "Goodwill to man,"

 I'll never, never fear,

That His dear will means pain and grief,

 And hours and moments drear.

I think it means the sweetest peace,

 And service pure and free ;

To be a glad obedient child,

 This is God's will for me !

“AMEN.”

“AMEN,” said Alys, at the close of day—
Not yet her rosy lips had learned to pray ;
With folded hands and soft eyes raised to
 Heaven,
She signifies her sweet content at even.

In perfect harmony with God's dear will,
She joins the birds in warble, song, and trill ;
Blooms as the flowers, and answers love with
 love,
Fulfilling Heaven's decree with saints above.

“Amen,” said Alys, at the close of day—
Her life's brief day—for life now ebbs away !
Twas good to live, 'tis better far to die ;
“Amen,” she whispers, with her latest sigh.



EVENSONG.

Now is the hour of evensong,
And at my knee a white-robed throng,
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Praise God beneath the sunset skies.

“Glory to God” we softly sing,
While birds fly home on weary wing,
Then every knee in prayer is bent ;
Be every suppliant attent !

Let each young voice beseech His grace ;
Your angels still behold His face,
Perchance one, listening, now may say,
“One child is silent who should pray.”

Beneath the heaven of His care
Now rest the warblers of the air,
And mother love in yonder wood
Is nestling o’er her callow brood.

Beneath the heaven of His care,
O sweetly rest, ye children fair !
Your warblings ceased, your praise rings on
Through lips angelic round the throne.

REST.

“ I’m weary, my mother, I’m weary,”
She sighed with her faltering breath—
A little one treading the valley,
The shadowy Valley of Death.

MOTHER.

“ A little beyond thee the glory
Shall burst on thy wondering view,
Unspeakable joy shall enfold thee,
All heaven shall open to you.”

CHILD.

“ I’m weary, my mother, I’m weary ;
The glory will dazzle my soul,
Will startle, alarm, and oppress me,
While ages on ages shall roll.”

MOTHER.

“ A little beyond thee the angels
As spirits all glorified stand,
Their rapture is high and triumphant,
A harp shall be laid in *thy* hand.”

CHILD.

“ I’m weary, my mother, I’m weary ;
The chants of that glorified throng
Will trouble and press on my spirit,
Too weary to join in their song.”

The mother, with tender caresses,
Enfolded her child to her breast,
And pillowed, and hushed, and contented,
She sank into smiling and rest.

“ Oh, mother, that comforts and rests me,
And Jesus will pillow me so ;
He’ll lay my tired head on His bosom,
And soothe me with whispers as low.

“ And there, ’mid the song and the rapture,
In peace I shall lie on His breast ;
I’m weary, my mother, I’m weary,
But Jesus will hush me to rest.”



THE NIGHT WATCH.

God's peace be with thee, weary one,
His will toward thee be wholly done !
His thoughts are love to thy tried soul :
" Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."

He woundeth thee that He may heal ;
His balms through sharpest rods may steal ;
His smittings shall thy heart console—
" Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."

The Lord is mighty ; lift thine eye,
To starry depths of midnight sky ;—
He, by whose Hand those bright worlds roll :
" Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."

A piercèd Hand doth give thee pain,
That it may bring thee endless gain ;
Unto that Hand commit thy soul :
" Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."

Alone with God thy soul must be,
Brinking a vast eternity ;
Who may fathom thy peace of soul ?
" Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."

It entereth not the heart of man
Christ's consolations deep to scan,
Deepening ever as ages roll :
"Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."

We trust thee to His loving care,
Turning our sorrow into prayer,
For He draws nigh to heal thy soul :
"Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."



**"HE WILL BE OUR GUIDE EVEN
UNTO DEATH."***

* Or rather, in the Hebrew, "He Himself will guide us over death," as He led Israel of old across the Red Sea and Jordan to the land of everlasting peace.

PSALM xlviii. 14.

Who will carry me over
The surging River of Death ?
Will the waves be wild to earth's weary child ?
Will my spirit shrink
On the unknown brink ?
And sore affright grieve in the night
For the faces fair, and the tender care
Which were ever mine since I drew a breath ?

Who will carry me over
The surging River of Death ?
In that sheer abyss I shall surely miss
My rejoicing hold
Of the promise bold ;
And my faith will fail when storms assail,
And I shall not hear the promise clear,
When swellings of Jordan are underneath !

The Lord will carry thee over
The surging River of Death !
And, O trembling child ! no wave can be
wild,
When the Lord of the strand
Shall hold thy hand
In a tender clasp. For thy feeble grasp
Is not thy strong hold. The word is bold :—
“The Arms Everlasting are underneath.”

The Lord will carry thee over
The surging River of Death !
He will still thy fears, He will dry thy tears :
He hath known thee long
In the busy throng ;
And the child of His love He will bear
above,
Where sorrow and sighing, and pain and
crying
Shall come not, the Lord of the glory saith.



“PARTED ASUNDER.”

2 KINGS ii. 11.

ONE hour—the whisper of the palms,
 The flow of Jordan’s wave,
 And friend meets friend for parting glance,
 And converse high and grave ;
 The next—a chariot from God,
 A swift and radiant band
 Of shining angels touch the sod,
 Twain clasping other’s hand :
 Twain clasping hands, in shining rows,
 Through tempest and through storm,
 They bear, in faith’s sublime repose,
 The prophet’s mortal form !

This day, ’mid calm accustomed ways,
 Our saints are at our side ;
 We guess by their calm upward gaze
 What may, ere long, betide :
 Some deepening grace of look or speech,
 Some gleam from Paradise,
 May make us whisper each to each,
 “They ripen for the skies !”
 The next—while storm and tempest beat
 Around our sore amaze,
 Departing saints on pinions fleet
 Are borne through starry ways !

For lowliest service now we gird
Ourselves, on alien soil ;
That rush of angels' wings has stirred
Strong hopes amid our toil !
We are as kings—our chariots wait—
Can earth give aught like this ?
We toil and tarry at Heaven's gate,
Content to wait for bliss.

Two saints, in mortal vesture clad,
Went in to see the King !
They trod the upward road in glad,
Yet human, wondering.
So, homelier aspect, thoughtless dread,
Invests those portals fair ;
And now the firstborn from the dead,
Our risen Lord—is there !
" Parted asunder " for a space,
And silence 'twixt us twain,
The friend, caught up by God's sweet grace,
Shall yet be mine again.



THE MARINER.

THE Mariner with singing
Salutes the haven grey,
And hails the breeze upspringing
Which speeds him on his way.
O dream of home and gladness !
O voices from the shore !
His heart goes forth to meet you,
And seaward turns no more !

O Mariner, who grieveth
When haven rest is nigh,
O Mariner, who leaveth
The ocean with a sigh,
What hath the ocean for thee
But tossings to and fro,
Peril and changeful current,
Alternate ebb and flow ?

Look up ! and take true measure
Of thine enduring bliss,
That world hath better treasure
Than ever holdeth this.
Fear not faith's happy venture
Into the glowing tide,
In the fair land before thee
Heart shall be satisfied.

QUAINT OLD GARDEN OF OUR
CHILDHOOD.

QUAINT old garden of our childhood,
Where we played from chime to chime,
Haunted by the mournful music
Of the belfry's broken rhyme !

Hither came the swell of anthems,
Floating through our leafy glades,
Here the " Amen " from the cloisters
Died among our mulberry shades.

Hither came the joy of bridals,
Clash and laughter of the bells ;
Hither came the muffled sorrow,
And the sob, of last farewells.

Sombre chestnuts held their torches
White, in deep funereal gloom,
O'er the sunken, mould'ring headstones,
O'er the latest daisied tomb.

Solemn curfew of our childhood,
Closing each day with a sigh,
Ringing through our peaceful slumbers
Like a tender lullaby !

Daisied meadows of our childhood,
Once a battlefield of pain !
Ah, we never dreamed of dolour
As we weaved our daisy-chain !

Shining river of our childhood,
As I watched thee ripple by,
Still I deemed thy joy and glitter
Sweetest of life's prophecy.

See, it widens to the ocean !
See, the river overflows !
Shining river of my childhood,
Life is fullest at its close !



LIFE AND DEATH.

JUNE came with all her wealth of bloom,
With rapture and with singing,
And met our affluence of youth,
A richer largess bringing.

The nectar of the passing hour
Like honey-bees we rifled.
What honeyed sweets for memory,
We gathered as we trifled !

And ever with that hour comes back
The hay-breath from the meadows,
The fragrance of the Linden boughs,
Which threw their chequered shadows.

With Eden's freshness in our hearts,
We looked on earth approving ;
Our joyful verdict of its rule
Was, "gracious and all-loving."

We decked ourselves, in girlish glee,
With lavish summer posies ;
And idled in the Linden walk,
Each pelting each with roses

Then, entering the stately halls
Of antique faded splendour,
Our spirits took a softer flow,
Half plaintive and half tender.

For records of that noble house,
From sire to son descended,
Held deeds of valour and of troth
With ancient sorrows blended.

With snatch of song and ballad quaint,
We paced through chambers olden,
And corridors whose dusky depths
Were searched by sunshine golden.

Then one the Mortuary door
Flung wide in thoughtless error,
And, peering in, our faces grew
All pale with nameless terror.

Ah ! when we came to that still room,
Each maiden of our number
Clung, each to other, in her dread
Of gloom so deep and sombre !

For youth is swift to change its mood,
We almost blamed our laughter !
How could we toy in Linden glades
When death might follow after ?

A blight of pain crept o'er each thought ;
Our breast-knots and our posies
Seemed all to fade in sight and clasp—
Alas, for summer roses !

Through mists of tears, I led the way
Through corridor and arches,
To where a mullioned window gave
The sun's descending marches.

The sighing surf came trampling up
Our little western hollow ;
It seemed a chariot of death,
With wailing winds to follow.

Then madcap Jessie laid her head,
(With rippling nut-brown tresses),
In sudden grief, on Mildred's knee,
To meet her mute caresses.

And Lettice, with her earnest eyes,
Looked up at sunset glories,
A world of rapture in her gaze—
A world of tender stories !

But Marion, the golden-haired,
Made moan, with stormy sighing,
That over all the bliss of earth
Should steal the gloom of dying.

Then Ruth, by virtue of her years—
For eighteen Junes had given
Some sweet experience of life,
Some stedfast hopes of heaven—


Ruth said, "We will not wrong ourselves
With shadows that bewilder,"
And gave, with oft a timid pause,
The stedfast hopes that filled her.

"There is no death to God's beloved,
It is a holy sleeping ;
For Christ doth cradle all His own,
In everlasting keeping.

"Oft have we kept our festival,
With gifts and Christmas fairing,
For little children of our love,
Preparing, still preparing ;

"Through op'ning doors, the children see
The beck'ning gleam and glisten
Of unknown joys, and wonderingly
To pleasant whispers listen,

"Expectant and rejoicing, they
Lie down beneath our blessing.
The sleep of weariness and peace
Upon their eyelids pressing.



“To us shall come the dew of sleep
Before our glad ‘to-morrow’—
The grace of longing for the dawn
Before the glory follow.

“Our hearts shall guess, by whispered hint,
The joys that are preparing,
And wait expectant for the dawn,
Our robes of gladness wearing.

“In fuller life this life shall end,
My hope shall not deceive me,
For earth is heaven’s vestibule,
Believe me—ah, believe me!”



TRIMMING LAMPS.


OUR Phyllis flitteth to and fro,
A vestal maid is she.
She trims her lamps with dainty care
Ere yet the dark hours be.

Herself a torch of waving light,
In vestal white arrayed,
She gleams through gloomy corridor,
A busy, radiant maid.

Cut off dull embers of the past,
Renew the torch's ray!
Fill up the bowl with beaten oil,
Fresh oil, from day to day!

Now hie thee, Phyllis, to the well
For waters crystal clear,
And rain them in a glittering stream
O'er glass and crystal sphere.

So through their glistening purity,
The inner light enshrined
May gleam unhindered in its ray,
From oil, and oil refined.



Sweet maid, there's teaching in thy task,
I pray thee learn it well,
Discern the hidden hint and thought,
And learn the parable

Of fair renewal, secret strength,
The source of brave control,
The undimmed lustre of a life, —
The radiance of a soul !



OLD COURT DRESSES.

AN ancient corridor—where buckled courtier
And jewelled beauty through the twilight loom
From glowing canvas, starting into being
Where firelight flashes through the pictured
gloom.

Up from the pleasaunce comes a troop of
maidens,

Laughing and singing up the old oak stair,
Waking the echoes of the dim recesses,
Chasing the shadows with their presence fair.


Intent on frolic, they, with rippling laughter,
Rifle an antique wardrobe of its store.
Who shall be fairest? Pictured dame and
damsel,

Or breathing maidens in the corridor?

Now queenly Bridget and our slender Alys
Array them in the thick brocades of old,
In lace and gem and jewelled clasp and neck-
lace,

With antique broderie of tarnished gold.

Tall Millicent is decking Ruth and Phyllis
In ruffled laces and in courtly train,
While many an ancestress on glowing canvas
Lives in their youthful beauty o'er again.



"Once were we fair as ye," methinks they
whisper,
And smile and bow as firelight comes and
goes ;

"*Are* we the shadows? Are ye not as shadowy,
Fading, sweet maids, as lily or as rose?"

Then Alys at the spinet sits and warbles
The sweet old ballads that we ne'er forget ;
And Ruth and Phyllis curtsey to the pictures,
While Bridget steps in stately minuet.

There are who say that ancient graces lowly
Have vanished from the maidens of our day,
As in the pleasaunce herbs of sweetest fragrance
For gaudy bloom have meekly given way.

Unbind thy jewelled corset, dainty Alys ;
But keep the gems—simplicity and truth.
Unclasp thy pearly necklace, but, ah ! never
The glistening pearl of modesty, sweet Ruth !

Loose at your will the queenly train of velvet,
Unloose the lustrous satin and brocade,
But keep ye still humility's soft vesture,
The fairest robing for a lovely maid.



THE HEIGHT OF FLOWERS.

A SUMMER FANTASY.

It was a summer fantasy,
A merry thought for idle hour,
That we should measure girlish growth
By stately stem and shining flower.

Our sunny glades were all aglow,
And laughed in bloom from rood to rood ;
No smile but that of Nature's own
Could fitly meet our joyous mood.

A sunflower with its gorgeous disc
Was beck'ning to our Lettice fair,
And height to height, with airy poise,
She held her head with tawny hair.

And Blanche had stately height, and she
At lower growth made saucy mock,
And set herself against the bloom
And stature of the hollyhock.

And when our graceful Lily set
Her face towards her namesake white,
We all averred she was in truth
Twin sister to the flower of light.

And some amid the roses chose
Such creamy blooms as pleased them well,
And which was fairest in its prime,
Or maid or blossom, who could tell?

I had a trick of thought that drew
Some semblance from all common deeds,
And nursed a plant of fragrant bloom
From words that dropped like random seeds!

“I know,” I said, “each flower that blows
To unseen heights of thought may reach,
And beckon us to some sweet grace
By airy lips and dewy speech.

“We love them well, we toy with them,
We feel their power, we own their spell,
But do we follow on to seek
The loveliness their lives compel?

“For they are pure, and grand, and sweet,
And gorgeous from their Maker’s hand;
They are His thoughts, perchance, in bloom,
His love, in odour, understand.

“ How lovely He would have us be,
 We dimly guess, through summer hours,
While all His lilies beckon us
 To reach the perfect height of flowers.”

The whisper of the rustling trees,
 The murmur of the happy bee,
The stir of life in bird and breeze,
 Filled up my girlish fantasy.

Through all the vista of the years
 I see that sunny garden glade,
And canopied by drooping boughs
 I see each smiling, graceful maid.

And visionary thought flows on
 Of lives that have been linked with mine,
That grew beside me day by day
 In inner life that was divine.

And early called, and early blest,
 Unfolded in unfading bowers ;
Diviner impulse draws them on,
 Theirs is a swifter growth than ours !

They bloom, they bloom, in that fair land
 Which mortal foot hath never trod—
The summer region of the soul,
 Th’ eternal paradise of God !

And some are left, who walk earth's ways
In such sweet grace and perfect truth,
They seem to wear immortal bloom
All glistening with the dew of youth.

Although their radiance is marred
By earthly tears, by earthly sighs,
They have attained the lovelier grace
Which blossoms only symbolise.

And thus they wait their bright array,
A vesture fairer than the flowers,
Diviner beauty, fuller growth,
Immortal joys, immortal powers !



DEW.

“ I will be as the dew unto Israel : he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.”—HOSEA xiv. 5.

E'EN as this flower, which drooped and pallid
grew

When fiery day did smite her fragile head,

Now by the dews of Heaven kindly fed

Doth bloom afresh, and softly smile anew :

So grant, O Lord, in the still midnight hour

That airs from Paradise may breathe around,

Thy Spirit's dew descend with silent pow'r

And steep with fragrant show'rs the heart's
parched ground,

That roots may deeper strike and branches bud,

And buds increase, and into blossoms burst,

And in the Garden of the Lord a flood

Of shining flowers by the Beloved nurst

May greet His eye, who tends them morn and
night

And in their beauty taketh great delight.



“OUR HOME AMONG THE HILLS.”

**OUR home among the hills ! the song-birds love
it !**

**Vocal our valleys with their chant and trill.
Free are the breezes, blue the skies above it,
Fairest of dwellings, and the dearest still.**

**Here comes no clamour from a toiling people ;
Only the trampling of the surf of seas,
Or call to prayer may float from distant steeple,
Or clash of bells be tossed upon the breeze.**

**Ours are the valleys, deep and primrose-haunted,
Blue with the hyacinth, fragrant with the fern ;
Here blows the wind-flower, slender, but
undaunted,
Child of the tempest and the winter stern.**

**Ours are the valleys, where spring's rosy fingers
Scatters her earliest, her fairest bloom ;
Ours are the valleys, where the summer lingers
To meet, with smiling, winter in its gloom.**

Or wouldst thou purple breadths of heather
follow,
Over the hillside to the misty moor?
From tangled brake, or copse, or ferny hollow
We hear the vintage-shouting of the poor.

Our home among the hills! the song-birds love
it!
Vocal our valleys with their chant or trill;
Free are the breezes, blue the skies above it—
Fairest of dwellings, and the sweetest still.



A GIRL'S ROOM.

"COME, see my room," the maiden said,
And drew my hand in hers, and led
Through corridor of oaken gloom,
To reach the little, low-ceiled room,

Her port of commerce with the skies,
The harbour of her merchandise,
From whence the ships of pure desire
Sailed forth upon a sea of fire.

I know the fruitage that they bear,
Those argosies of praise and prayer,
And on the maiden's brow is prest
The answer to their holy quest.

I know that from the heavenly shores,
The measured beat of golden oars
Is heard within this haven calm,
And answered with thanksgiving psalm.

And here the angels come and go
With heavenly traffic to and fro.
The powders of the merchants here
Are fragrant—frankincense and myrrh.

Her eastern lattice, opened wide,
Looked seaward on the glowing tide,
And here and there a flashing sail
Gleamed whitely, driven by the gale.

“O gentle mariner,” I said,
“By love’s sweet influence early led
To voyage to a port unknown,
O’er seas with drift and wreckage strewn,

“Hast thou a chart, and hast thou lore,
To guide thee to that unknown shore?
O’er surging waves and seas that cross,
Dost thou not fear to suffer loss?”

For answer, with triumphant look,
She laid her hand upon the Book
Which open lay, and caught the breeze
And salutation of the seas.

No peradventures vexed her faith
Who was the Lord’s in life or death.
Eternal verities possess
Her soul in deep and tranquil rest.

The living and victorious Word
Within this chamber’s hush was heard;
A spot to gladdest visions given—
None other than the gate of heaven!

**"NOTHING HID FROM THE HEAT
THEREOF."**

THE Lord of Day in the azure sky
Held on His way right royally ;
He scattered the mists of the night away,
He pierced the shadows that thickest lay.
The silent depths of the greenwood shade
Smiled in the glory his presence made,
And the poorest herb at that touch of power
Thrilled to its root in the soft spring hour.
He called the hyacinths from their rest,
Daffodils sprang from the earth's chill breast,
And the wild flowers bloomed at His winning
call,

For the Lord of Day is the lord of all—

" Nothing hid from the heat thereof."

The law of the Lord is pure and true,
Searching the spirit through and through ;
Making the simple-hearted wise,
Pouring light on the blinded eyes.

Oh, maiden fair, in thy earnest youth,
Take to thy heart the word of truth ;

Carry the message of love to all—

Hearts will open at that soft call,

Icy fetters and bands will break,

Peace and joy will awake—awake.

Its thrilling voice and constraining speech

Unto the uttermost thought will reach—

" Nothing hid from the heat thereof."

LA ROSIÈRE.

The pretty custom still lingers in some villages of France of crowning "La Rosière." A maiden—good, gentle, and modest—is chosen by the general consent of the villagers, and crowned with summer flowers as Rosière.

COME, maidens blithe and debonair,
And crown our smiling Rosière !

For this brief day away with care,
And sing around our Rosière.

She must be good, she may be fair,
Whom we would crown as Rosière.

So gentle she—this maiden rare—
That she shall be our Rosière.

And is there heart with sorrow sair?
Sweet solace brings our Rosière.


So true her speech, so pure her air,
We love her for our Rosière.

Our fairest blooms shall wreath her hair,
And garland her—our Rosière.

So modest she—all unaware
We caught her for our Rosière !

And no reproachful word may dare
Assail our chosen Rosière.

Come, maidens blithe and debonair,
And crown our smiling Rosière !



PILLOW LACE.

My hands among my bobbins,
 My pillow on my knee,
 One summer morn I weaved me
 A foolish fantasy.

And when my mother called me
 To help her in her toil,
 I prayed her let me finish
 My dainty, filmy coil.

For slightest webs of fancy,
 The gauziest of dreams,
 My wilful thought was weaving
 Beneath the morning gleams.

The gossamer was floating
 Upon the clear blue air,
 I wished *mine* on my pillow
 Were half as fine and fair !

For airier web no toiler
 Or weaver ever knew—
 A cradle for a sunbeam,
 A chariot for the dew !

I climbed on glistening fancies
As airy and as fine,
No aeronaut's adventures
So daring were as mine !

Our lowly cottage dwelling
Had changed to castle fair,
With park and deer and pleasure,
And *I* was dwelling there.

And robed in filmy laces,
And draped in silken sheen,
How scornfully I bore me
As beauty's favoured queen !

Then who should from the castle
Come sit beside our door,
But gentle Lady Alys,
Who loves to help the poor !

She might have guessed my dreamings,
She might have known how vain
Had been the airy ventures,
The laughter of my brain !

She said my work was idle,
She feared my pretty face
Would make me vain and thoughtless,
She feared my "Pillow-lace !"

And then she read the gospel
And prayed me turn my mind
To that most true adorning
Which maids may seek and find.

Ah, then upon my pillow
Fell fast the dew of tears,
My true repentance pleading
For holier days and years.

And ever since that morning,
When daily toil is o'er,
And I beside my mother
Am sitting at the door,

My hands among my bobbins,
My pillow on my knee,
I pray that true and duteous
My daily life may be.

My thoughts are ever busy,
I use my spirit wings
To reach the happy region
Of true and holy things.

The patterns of life's story
The unseen Hand shall trace,
While, peaceful and contented,
I weave my pillow lace.

THE DAFFODIL.

OF all the flowers which grace the bowers
Of England fair and free,
For dainty grace of smiling face
The Daffodil for me !

One while, with gracious bend and smile,
A stately dame is she ;
In castle hold, where baron bold
Holds spring-tide revelry.

Again, in pause of April rain
Fair weeping maids I see,
Whose slender forms sway in the storms—
Sad Daffodils are ye !

And now, with laughter on each brow,
Like dancing children free,
Ye are with smile and winsome wile
The Daffodils for me !



OH ! THE WIND IS A GRAND OLD HARPER.

Oh ! the wind is a grand old Harper,
 A minstrel bold is he,
 He strikes his chords on the forest,
 And he sweeps his hand o'er the sea.
 He has a shout for the ocean,
 A sigh for the rippling wave,
 And a requiem soft and mournful
 For every ocean grave.

Oh ! his clanging harp is world-wide,
 And manifold its tone,
 For he steals the thought of the dreamer,
 And sings it to airs of his own.
 The song that is triumph in mine ear
 Is but a wail in thine,
 And the sore lament that grieves thee,
 To me is a song divine.

Oh ! Harper old and hoary,
 Oh ! minstrel bold and free,
 Thy matchless skill and fervour
 Impart, impart to me !
 The human heart shall awaken
 And thrill with divinest chords,
 And answer the minstrel's music
 In noblest deeds and words.

REICHENBACH. (SWITZERLAND.)

Ho ! Reichenbach is shouting
 An ancient thunder psalm !
 The floods lift up their voices
 Amid our mountain calm.

Tumultuous in its glory,
 It arches o'er the steep,
 Then quivers—flashes—crashes—
 Triumphant in its leap !

The roar, the rush, the clamour,
 Hath never wail of pain :
 It is a song of triumph,
 An angel host's Amen !

Is it the voice of waters ?
 The sons of God may sing,
 "The God of glory thundereth,
 He ever reigneth King."

The ice-caves are His crystal,
 His pure, eternal calm :
 The floods declare His glory
 In crashing thunder psalm.

His strength is for His people,
 For them His crystal peace ;
 He sitteth on the water floods,
 His Kingdom shall increase !

SNOWDRIFTS.

LISTEN to the plaintive stories
 Sung by moorland winds to-day !
 Dirges ring o'er vanished glories,
 Love and hope have flown away.
 Where are summer's airy minstrels,
 Where—our warblers debonair ?
 Can they sing one strain prophetic,
 Can they consolation bear ?

I am caught in crystal showers,
 Feathery flakes and fairy blooms,
 Winter flings her scentless flowers
 O'er her dark, unlovely tombs !
 Airy whispers float around me,
 " Trust His love and perfect rule,
 Though His keenest arrows smite thee,
 Lo ! He giveth snow like wool."

Guild of faith ! What promise golden
 Nestles 'neath your drooping wing ?
 We would bear its balm enfolden
 In our hearts until the spring.
 Saith it, " Not a sparrow falleth
 On the dreary, dreary snows,
 But its cry to heaven calleth,
 And our heavenly Father knows."

Royal touch and flashing token
Kingly presence here reveal,
Faith in Him may be unbroken,
Love may smile in woe or weal.
By the splendour of His pathway—
Diamond flash in triple ray—
Sure I am that He is near me,
That a King hath passed this way !



WINTER.

THROUGH all this wondrous universe
The blessing shall outweigh the curse ;
O hear glad nature's soft refrain,
That love shall have her own again.

The hours of bitter loss and gloom,
When hopes are hid in wintry tomb,
Lead on to summer's glorious reign,
When love shall have her own again.

Although our song-birds take their flight
To far-off lands on pinions light,
They will return across the main,
And love shall have her own again.

And though life's melodies seem lost,
By discords dire, bewildering, crossed—
Await the sweet concluding strain,
For love shall have her own again.



HONESTY.

AWAKE ! O North wind, come from crystal caves,
Thy pathless snow-fields and lone Arctic graves,
And search with pure intent and honest breath
The earth unlovely in her sleep of death !
This is the hour of wailing for the past,
Corrections stern and smittings of the blast,
The swift up-rooting of the false and vain,
The test of truth and purity and gain.

Awake ! O North wind, for the human soul,
Amid earth's glamour, panting to be whole !
Come with thy keenest breath and purest word,
Thy honest searchings and thy two-edged sword !
Come from the crystal city of the true,
And true and guileless make us through and
through,
And truth and honesty with fruitful seeds
Shall strew the earth with bright, transparent
deeds.



A CHRISTMAS ROSE.

A WHITE, white thought flew out of a rose,
 And nestled about my heart,
 And there it sings while the winter snows
 Whirl over city and mart.
 Ever it warbles a song of faith,
 Above the clamour and din,
 Ever I ponder the words it saith,
 And glad is my heart within.
 "Behold!" it cries, "how the Lord of all
 Perfects my transient bloom!
 The winds may rave and the snows may fall,
 And yet through the chill and gloom,
 He hath a care for my petals five,
 And crowns them with beauty's dower:
 O children of earth, who toil and strive,
 Trust to His love and His power!"

A white, white thought flew out of a rose!
 And I waft its song to thee.
 O hear its songs through the winter snows,
 The thought is for thee and me.
 Will He not perfect this life of ours,
 Are not His touches divine;
 Will He not deal with His human flowers
 With a care and touch as fine?

Yield thyself to His fashioning skill,
For He is able and true,
Above the storm and the tempest's will
His heavens are ever blue.
Above the sorrow, above the fret,
His kingdom ruleth o'er all,
A million worlds are His empire—yet
He heedeth a sparrow's fall !



THE SNOW.—A FANTASY.

WE were beleaguered by the frost,
 Encompassed by the snow ;
 By day and night a silent host
 Crept round, more friend than foe.

We heard no clamour from the town,
 Nor clang of bell, nor toll.
 In silence Heaven wafted down
 This Sabbath of the soul.

The snowy silence—silent snow—
 So weird, so hushed did seem ;
 We moved, we spake with voices low,
 Like dreamers in a dream.

I said (when darkness claimed her hour)
 “Now coin from busy brain
 Some simile of subtle power,
 Again and yet again.

What is this beauty of the snow ?
 This terror vast and strange ?
 Gazing upon this wonder now,
 Give thought her freest range.”

One said, "'Tis like the sheeted dead !
Peace ! Speak with bated breath !
The marble rests—the spirit's fled,
Is not this silence *Death ?* "

Another spake, " This is but *Sleep !*
The maid in slumber dreams,
Why make ye this ado ? Why weep
For that which only seems ?

" For One approaches—He is Life—
Will ope her dreaming eyes,
Will burst the chains of winter's grief
With murmured ' Maid, arise ! ' "

One whispered " 'Tis the *Peace of God*
Which garrisons the soul,
And where His angel-guards have trod,
Sweet anthems softly roll.

He giveth peace. Who then can break
That holy, mystic calm ?
The listening spirit, still and meek,
Breathes airs of holy balm."

One cried, " Behold ! *new heavens, new earth,*
Come down from heaven, from God !
Behold this fair, immortal birth,
By mortal foot untrod !

And lo ! this morn, while Eastern skies
 Flashed all aglow with flame,
Methought an angel silently
 Laid hold upon the same,

For golden reed, and measuring
 The stately walls of snow,
He claimed a city for his King—
 Jerusalem below !”

Well pleased my quaint conceit should bear
 Such bloom and fruit of thought,
My fancy seized each semblance fair,
 And yet one semblance brought :

“Behold,” I said, “ the *Bride of Christ*,
 In comeliness divine !
Perfect in beauty, pure confest :
 Arise, fair Church, and shine !”



THE MAIDEN AND THE BOOK.

Charles I., on parting with his children, gave to his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, his Bible, saying, "It had been his comfort through all his troubles, and he hoped it would be hers." She died with her pale cheek resting on the open page.

THEY found her in a still repose,
Released by death's swift stroke ;
Her stormy day found early close,—
Sweet maid of Carisbrooke !

Her chamber, through a leafy stir,
Looks out on woodland wild :
Here conned she well the Book her sire
Gave to his duteous child.

Her childish step on turret stair
Would falter day by day ;
Until she craved love's tender care,—
For heart and flesh gave way.

And when in glade and leafy nook
The rose drooped on the sod,
The fading flower of Carisbrooke
Had found her rest in God.

Now, whitest semblance of the maid,
 Memorial fair we keep
Within the church's holy shade,
 Carved in a marble sleep.

The meek young head, in simple grace,
 Light pillowed on the page
Which was her solace in her race,
 Her song in pilgrimage.

Still to this shrine of maiden wan
 Shall duteous childhood look,
And courtly pilgrim silent scan
 The Maiden and the Book.



ALUM BAY.

THERE is a little bay, whose shore
 Resounds with waves for evermore.
 The chiming waves, in cadence sweet,
 Run up the strand with silver feet,
 And be the measure of their fall,
 Or chime, or chant, or madrigal,
 The rhythm of their song to me
 Is soothing as a lullaby.

The heather purples on the wold,
 The ragwort gleams like cloth of gold,
 The poppy on the hill behind
 Holds idle parley with the wind.
 The bird, the butterfly, the flower,
 Share in the gladness of the hour,
 While tawny moth on downy wing
 Flits inland on its wandering.

There have been sorrows on the coast,
 The winds and waves, a mighty host,
 Besieged these ramparts—see the rents—
 Tore down the frowning battlements ;

Then swept the waves in stately march
Beneath their own triumphal arch,
And shining billows toss and curl
Around those gleaming gates of pearl.

And on this little golden floor,
And on beyond fair Colwell's shore,
The fleet white waves which hither press
Salute the land with tuneful kiss.
And these be minstrels of the sea,
Whose airs are wild, whose music free,
And breeze and ripple have their way,
While childhood laughs in Alum Bay.



THE MAIDENS' GIFT.

Given with the Bible to H. R. H. the Duchess of Albany.

WHAT shall we bring Thee !
 Dews of the night
 Fall on our lilies,
 Fragrant and white.

Here be the dew-drops
 Heaven distils,—*
 Here be the rains for
 Zion's fair hills !

Grow as the lily,†
 Blest of the Lord !
 Spread out thy roots‡
 By streams of the Word !

Rivers of water
 Freshen thy leaf!§
 Heat when it cometh
 Shall not be grief.

* Deut. xxxii. 2. † Hosea xiv. 5. ‡ Psa. i. 1-3.
 § Jer. xvii. 8.

Thou to this people,
Gentle Princess,—
Whom we would welcome
Whom we would bless ;—

Thou shalt be to us
Dew from the Lord,
Loving His precepts,
True to His Word.



“NOW BRING HIM TO HIS OWN
AGAIN.”

On the Death of the Duke of Albany.

Now bring him to his own again
In solemn calm and deathly sleep,
The clouds have gathered April gloom,
A Prince has fallen—let them weep !

No salutation from the shore
May greet him in the haven grey,
But silently the barge of Death,
Steals into port at close of day.

Now sunset, hang thy banners forth,
In tawny breadths and crimson fold,
And wrap the chamber of his rest
In canopy of burnished gold !

And flash some token from the skies,
Of that abundant entrance blest ;
His spirit tastes in climes divine
The joy he knows in Haven-rest :

For sore lament will fill the air,
And mournful speech from muffled bell,
When we do bring him to his own
For love's last tribute and farewell.

Now bring him to his own again,
In solemn calm and deathly sleep,
The April clouds have gathered gloom—
A Prince has fallen—let them weep!



WELL DONE !

On the Death of General Gordon.

LAND of the pyramids ! across thy deserts
Comes the dull whisper of a faith betrayed,
The story of a hero's brave endurance
Amid disaster, calm and undismayed.

If the cold waters of thine ancient river
Cradle his form in death's untroubled rest,
Murmur a requiem o'er his holy slumber,
And lay the lotus on his quiet breast.

Not with victorious shouts may England greet
him
Upon her shores, his purpose nobly won,
Enough, that God and man declare him
faithful,
Enough, that heaven and earth proclaim,
Well done !



TARRY THOU.

“O, tarry thou the Lord’s leisure.”

SUBMIT thee to thy Father’s will,
Discouraged child ! Be still, be still !
We fain would save ourselves one sigh—
He worketh for eternity.

The complex working of His plan
Our finite wisdom cannot scan.
The orbit of the spirit’s flight
Is far beyond our mortal sight.

Its glorious mission here begun
Shall still through circling ages run ;
To praise and honour it shall be
Linked in its course with Deity.

Ancient of Days ! A thousand years
Roll on with all their throes and tears,
E’en as the briefest watch of night,
So far Thy view—so infinite !

To meet the need of human breath
Must needs be ruin, loss and death
In ages past. The treasured store
Lies locked beneath earth’s crystal floor.

To meet the need of spirit life,
Through future cycles, joy and grief
Must weave their web of gleam and gloom,
The warp and woof of earthly doom:

Oh, dream not thou, who bear'st thy cross,
Of thwarted plan and bitter loss,
That this poor scene is all the stage
And act of thy long pilgrimage!

Oh, tarry thou God's holy will!
Oh, trust thee to His perfect skill!
We fain would save ourselves one sigh—
He worketh for eternity!



A BRIDAL SONG.

*On the Marriage of Her Royal Highness the Princess
Beatrice, July 23, 1885.*

AWAKE, O tuneful chimes, and give your sweetness
 ness

To hills and valleys and to silent dells,
From bay to bay be heard in bridal greeting
The happy clamour of the laughing bells !

Ripple, Medina, to the flashing Solent,
And, Solent, hasten to the wider seas
In jubilation of rapture, and in laughter,
O joy bells, toss your music on the breeze !

Beatrice ! Beatrice ! the bells are calling,
O happy, happy be thy future years !
Thy very name is fondest benediction,
Breathed by a nation amid smiles and tears.

Can we not fetter thee with love's own fetters,
And bind thy footsteps that they may not roam ?
We pray thee, gentle Princess, do not leave us,
But nestle blithely in an English home !

Our breezy dawns shall send thee forth rejoicing
To happy days of love with labour blent,
Our dewy eves shall bring serenest leisure,
And peaceful hours of calm and true content.

All England greets thee with a tuneful clamour
Her salutations ring from sea to sea.
Beatrice ! Beatrice ! the bells are calling,
Happy, thrice happy may our Princess be !



THE THRUSH'S BURDEN.

My eastern lattice yet is dim,
Where roses hold a dewy brim
To greet me when the dawn shall be,
When other greetings come to me.

Through slumbrous dreams I hear the trill
Of one sweet bird beneath the hill,
Who from a heaven of love is sent
To teach my bosom glad content.

With tender questionings, again,
And yet again, my secret pain
He probes with subtle minstrel art,
With plaintive note and tuneful part.

A swift response to every plaint,
A cordial for my spirit faint,
In mellow and melodious rain,
Is showered on my heart and brain.

In very scorn of doubt or fear
He pours his burden in mine ear ;
I hear in every note he saith
The happy laughter of his faith

And muse on one, who, morn and e'en
By whispering brook in leafy screen,
Awaited, free of human care,
The burdened messengers of air,

And listened for the measured beat
Of dusky wing and pinion fleet—
So listen, doubting heart, and own
Man liveth not by bread alone !

For I'll believe, whoe'er may smile,
This bird of gentle art and wile,
This unseen messenger of glee
Is burdened with a song for me.

He tarries till the dawn may break
For me alone of all who wake—
For me this heavenly bird was sent
To teach my bosom sweet content.



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THE IRIS.

THE Iris bloomed amid her peers,
A glory through the passing years,
A chalice for the summer's tears.

And there in stately grace she grew,
An oriflamme of gorgeous hue,
Beneath the skies of tender blue.

And none would dream that on her breast
She bore the symbol closely prest,
Which wins a weary world to rest.

But in that hour of Nature's woe,
When autumn woods are all aglow,
And pale leaves to their burial go,

Her awful secret, long concealed,
The Iris lingeringly revealed,
And whispered how a world is healed.

She hinted at the gathering gloom,
The drops of blood, the fearful doom,
The agony, the death, the tomb.

The triple capsule, open laid,
The blood-besprinkled rood displayed,
The ruddy cross of One betrayed !

And thus the Iris in her death
Confesses with her latest breath
The Cross, the Passion, and her faith.



THISTLEDOWN.

FAIRY frigate on airy seas,
Sport of the sunshine, toy of the breeze !
Oared by a myriad feathered sprays,
Moored by a myriad silver rays.

What is thy freight, O Thistledown ?

Wafted, winged, on a viewless tide,
Launched on an airy ocean wide,
Hither and thither thy pinnacle glides,
Thither and hither thy fair barque rides.

What is thy freight, O Thistledown !

Loose the moorings, and drop the seed !
Delicate cable and gossamer thread
Silvery sail and feathery oar
Needeth the thistle-seed now no more.

What is thy freight, O Thistledown ?

A tiny seed in a cradle fair,
Borne on the waves of the summer air ;
The germ of a life, though veiled, we see—
A beautiful possibility !

This is thy freight, O Thistledown !

Wondrous care for a thistle-seed !
Parables writ on wings of a weed
Reverent eyes may wondering see,
And precious truth in this argosy.
 This is thy freight, O Thistledown !

O the cords of love, and restraining bands,
The wafting wings, and the silken strands,
Cradling the life of the hidden seed,
Germ of the life that is life indeed,
 Safe as thy seed, O Thistledown !



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SEVEN DAYS.

WHAT have I for Thy praise ?
Seven fair and fleeting days !
Of broken light seven rays,
Seven notes for Music's maze.

Within this narrow range
Ring carillons of change,
And chords as sweet as strange.

This light of Eastern skies
Hold's beauty's thousand dyes—
Bright possibilities !

How crystal-clear and bright,
Is heaven's jasper light
To spiritual sight

Of saint and seer ! May I
Flash in the glory high
Of immortality !

This circle of sweet sound,
This undulating round,
This tremulous rebound,

Hold's everchanging chords
Of joy's exultant words,
Or sorrow's pale accords.

The hero and the sage,
Within this narrow gauge,
May win immortal wage !

Let maid and youth, afire,
With purpose and desire
Cry, as their souls aspire :

" These many-coloured rays,
My life's melodious maze,
My chord of tuneful days,
Yea, take them for Thy praise ! "



PRELUDES.

A SECRET melody is mine,
 A dream of inner sweetness ;
 A stranger intermeddleth not
 With this my life's completeness.

The chiming hours drop golden notes
 Where summer airs are sighing :
 Chime on, fleet hours ! my heart grieves not
 At happy moments flying.

The river hastens to the sea,
 The prelude to sweet singing ;
 The night wears on to shining day,
 All joy and service bringing.

O, fair day, break ! the night is long :
 And sea-ward flow, O river !
 O prelude, warble into song,
 In presence of the Giver.

This life, so scant, is but a bud
 In calyx dark enfolden,
 That waits the orient flush of dawn
 To bloom in beauty golden.

The dew of youth shall bathe anew
The child-like raptured spirit ;
What fair estate of full content
My soul shall then inherit !

The wasted years by pain devoured—
The drooping years of sadness—
In two-fold grace shall be restored
In Zion's realms of gladness.

Such sweet airs from the unknown shore,
Such voices—seem to greet me ;
Such beck'ning hands of angel bands,
Who throng with song to meet me !

Or e'er my soul shall be aware,
Among the glad harp-ringers,
I, caught away on wings of praise,
Shall stand among the singers.



THE IMMORTALS.

AN army of Immortals,
We march in happy throngs,
And enter Zion's portals
With triumph and with songs.
And as we cross the threshold,
Another fills our place :
The ranks may never lessen
The trophies of God's grace.

O glorious succession
Of witnesses for Him !
Ring out your brave confession,
Nor let your light grow dim.
For as ye sing, exulting
O'er earthly loss and pain,
Another, yet another,
Shall join the steadfast train.

Nor mourn, when through your portals
A brother passes in,
For are ye not Immortals,
Whose ranks can never thin ?
Ere yet th' inspiring echoes
Of one voice ceases here,
Another lifts the holy strain
And rings it full and clear !

“TOWARDS THE SUN-RISING.”

“They journeyed . . . towards the sun-rising.”—
NUM. XXI. II.

WE journey towards the sun-rising ;
Our faces catch the glow
Of sunlit peaks and rosy heights,
Like Alpine walls of snow ;
And o’er the battlements of light
Ring out celestial strains ;
We echo back those tender songs
In broken, sweet refrains.

We journey towards the sun-rising,
Nor marvel if we seem,
Amid a land of strangers,
As those who inly dream.
Our mouths are filled with singing,
For ransomed ones are we,
And we are bidden to a land
Where we shall aye be free.

We journey towards the sun-rising,
And never pilgrim band
Had such high hopes and visions,
Or destinies as grand.
The vision of our God hath set
Its seal on heart and brow,
And naught on earth can lure us back,
No fetters bind us now !

2. The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the

3.

4. The second part of the paper is devoted to the study of the

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